THE PETTICOAT: AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

In Two BOOKS.

By Mr. *GAY.*

Dux Fœminini Facti. Virg.

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TO THE

LADIES.

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THE Invention of the FAN, and the PATTIN*, having gain'd your Approbation, I hope this of the HOOP-PETTICOAT, as the Design is laudable, will come in for a small Share of your Favour.

Tho' I am no less than *Cousin-German* to the Author of those Admir'd Productions: Yet, I, by

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no means, deſire to Graft a Re-
putation upon his Stock; nay, I
am ſo little ſollicitous about the
Fate of my Performance, that I
ſhall conclude what I have to ſay
upon the Subject, in the Words of
a Celebrated Author. †

" What I have done is ſubmit-
" ted to the Publick, from whoſe
" Opinions I am prepared to learn,
" tho' I fear no Judges ſo little as
" our beſt Poets, who are moſt
" ſenſible of the Weight of this
" Taſk. As for the Worſt, what-
" ever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay,
" they may give me ſome Con-
" cern as they are unhappy Men,
" but none, as they are malignant
" Writers.

Your very humble Servant,

JOSEPH GA

† *See Mr.* POPE's *Preface to his Tranſ-*
lation of HOMER.

THE PETTICOAT: AN Heroi-Comical POEM.

BOOK I.

me vel Tellus optem Prius Imæ dehiſcat,
te, Pudor ! quam te Violo, aut tua Jura reſolvo. Virg.

SInce in ſuch odd Fantaſtick Times as theſe,
All Female Toys the roving Fancy pleaſe,
APOLLO thinks his Servants much to blame,
To let the FAN exceed the Reſt in Fame ;
th Gen'rous Rage inflames th' aſpiring Muſe,
d warns her Now a loftier Theme to chuſe :
e God preſcribes the Object of my Praiſe,
d what the God directs, the Bard obeys.

Begin my Muſe, and ſing in *Epick* Strain,
e PETTICOAT ; (nor ſhalt thou ſing in vain,
e PETTICOAT will ſure reward thy Pain !)
oceed its various Beauties to diſplay,
d ſet its *Circling Charms* in full Array ;

Say whence its wond'rous Origin it drew,
Then ſpread the Wide-ſtretch'd PETTICOAT to view:
Not that which is by Rural Damſels worn,
Not that which Modern Milk-Maids does adorn;
Theſe may be Graſp'd by ev'ry Grubſtreet Muſe,
But mine, through nobler Paths, a nobler End purſues.
Rais'd by my *Flora*'s Love, aloft I ſoar,
And ſwell with Hopes to reach the diſtant Shore.
Nor can I of the wiſh'd Succeſs deſpair,
Since Heav'n protects the Fav'rites of the Fair:
Undaunted like the little *Wren* I fly,
And mount the *Eagle* to aſcend the Sky.

Long had young *Thryſis* the Coy *Chloe* woo'd,
And, oft repuls'd, unwearied ſtill purſu'd,
Till pitying *Cupid* ſent a timely Dart,
To fire with equal warmth the Fair-One's Heart;
That She, who had ſo long with proud Diſdain,
Refus'd the Off'rings of her humble Swain,
Might late, Convinc'd by ſad Experience, prove
Reſiſtance vain againſt the Pow'r of Love.

Alas! How ſoon the won'drous Change ſhe felt?
How ſoon her former Reſolutions melt?
Her beating Heart with doubtful Ardour burns,
And Modeſty and Love prevail by Turns;
Her Redden'd Cheeks with conſcious Bluſhes glow,
Her wanton Looks, her wanton Wiſhes ſhow;

r Heaving Breaſts with riſing Paſſions ſwell,
d Silence ſpeaks what Words want Pow'r to tell ;
ep ſhun'd her Eyes, her Soul abandon'd Reſt,
d Love and *Thyrſis* ev'ry Look confeſt.

Whilſt *Thyrſis* gaz'd with Tranſport on her Face,
ſaw Compaſſion by Degrees take place :
ſaw--- and thought the alteration ſtrange ;
t well he knew the Sex were prone to change ;
ady to ſeize his Long-deſpair'd of Prize,
ith more than Mortal Extacy he flies,
d youthful Fury ſparkles in his Eyes.
e fled.——He like *Apollo* chas'd the Fair ;
e Fair to ſhun him took not *Daphne*'s Care :
ith ſwifteſt Speed at firſt ſhe ſcours the Field,
d flying, ſeems as half averſe to Yield ;
e wanton Winds her Snowy Limbs expoſe,
d at each Blaſt unlook'd-for Charms diſcloſe,
ch well-turn'd Leg attracts the Lover's Eyes,
d the Numph ſeems more beauteous as ſhe flies :
t now, with ſhort fetch'd Steps ſhe moves more ſlow,
r panting Sides her ſlacken'd Paces ſhow ;
ck on the Swain ſhe looks —She trips ; She falls ;
d, falling, on her much lov'd *Thyrſis* calls :
yrſis was ready at his *Chloe*'s Call,
d claſp'd her faſt, and ſav'd her from her Fall :

With

With trembling Haſte into his Arms ſhe flies,
And Heart meets Heart till each in Tranſport dies.
Thus EVE with ardent Love *Embraceing lean'd*
On our firſt Father, Eager preſt his Hand;
Whilſt He impatient Clos'd her in his Arms,
Fir'd with her Beauty and *Submiſſive Charms*,
Till on the Moſſy Bank they fainting lay,
And both diſſolv'd in floods of Bliſs away.

But ah! Such momentary Joys are vain,
And preſent Pleaſure leads to future Pain:
That little Taſte of vain Delight has coſt
The brighteſt Gem, the faireſt Nymph could boaſt.
Nor was the Loſs her greateſt Cauſe of Grief,
(Since that in time might find a ſure Reliefs,)
But what was worſe, the dreaded Symptoms came,
Which would to all the World the Slip proclaim.

Tho' needleſs they, for Looks her Shame confeſs,
And ev'ry prying Eye the Fault might gueſs;
With Care ſhe now avoids the conſcious Grove,
(The ſilent Witneſs of her fatal Love:)
The Grand Cabal ſhe now frequents no more,
Or comes the laſt, who went the firſt before;
That Charming Voice that raviſh'd ev'ry Swain,
The Joy and Wonder of the Neighb'ring Plain,
No more from Repartee Applauſe demands,
But Grief all Utterance of Words withſtands.

Sighs and Silence now ſhe waſtes the Time,
kens ſufficient to divulge her Crime!
Nymphs leſs Chaſt than theſe compos'd the Train,
Nymphs ſo Chaſt, admitted Thoughts prophane!
ſome, 'tis ſaid, by ſhrewd Suſpicions gueſt;
r ſome are ſtill more knowing than the reſt,)
d gueſt alas too well! but theſe, 'tis thought,
dear Experience had their Wiſdom bought.

Around the Circle ſoon the Whiſper flew,
oſe ſpoke the firſt, who thought the moſt they knew;
it ev'ry piercing Eye obſerves the Dame,
vain with Smiles ſhe would conceal her Shame:
Eyes ſtill redden with the Tears ſhe ſpilt;
Boſom heaves, too conſcious of her Guilt;
y ſaw new ſigns, they ne'er diſcern'd before,
d each they ſaw, they made a thouſand more.
more obſerv'd, the more her Looks reveal
fatal Secret which they ſhould conceal.
h timely Caution ſhe avoids their ſight,
d ſeeks for ſhelter in the ſhades of Night.
re mourns in ſecret the ſad Doom, ſhe thought
o *great* a Penance for ſo *ſlight* a Fault.
g the big Paſſion burnt within her Breaſt,
length her Rage in Words like theſe expreſt.
d muſt I tamely bear this foul Diſgrace?
is open Inſult offer'd to my Face?

No

No — E're I do, the Sun shall lose his Light,
And plunge the Day in Seas of endless Night.
First shall each Atom of Creation jar,
And kindling Elements light up Eternal War.
What shall the saucy *Prudes* presume to boast,
That they possess the Jewel I have lost?
Whilst I, (my fatal Folly seen too late,)
Like Angels fall'n, deplore my wretched Fate,
Curse what I feel, and bless my former State.

She said — and strait to her Lov'd THYRSIS goes,
THYRSIS had now a sweet Retirement chose;
With Industry and Care compos'd a Grove,
And laid the Scene of all his future Love.
A shady Verdant Walk the Entrance grac'd,
Of Yew and Holly in nice Order plac'd;
Down whose Descent the Eye might far pursue
A dubious Prospect, that deceiv'd the View;
The op'ning Scene the gazing Eye employs,
And by degrees prepares it for Surprize.
A fragrant *Bow'r* its head at distance rears,
And now in full Perfection it appears;
Its sides with interwoven Woodbines rose,
The Checquer'd Ground with various Dasies glows;
Here Red, there White, in Party-colour'd Dress,
Which ev'ry where did CHLOE's Name express.

Myrtle at each Corner, rais'd its Head,
ich ſpread o'er all the Bow'r a grateful Shade,
Palm and ſpreading *Laurel* kindly cloſe,
the Arch'd Roof in *Woven Shade* compoſe.
he ſinking *Sun* in *Weſtern* Iſles appear'd,
now the Shepherd folds his wandring Herd;
flow'ry Meads with falling Dews grew wet,
length'ning Shadows ſhew'd him almoſt ſet:
n CHLOE to this New-form'd *Eden* came,
ſeek the hapleſs Author of her Shame;
ancing now, ſhe ſpeeds her eager Pace,
views unmov'd the Pleaſures of the Place.
t onward to the Bow'r ſhe bends her way,
meets no Object to induce her ſtay;
rural Scenes exert their Charms in vain,
' ſure they might, if ought could eaſe her Pain.
aſt her THYRSIS the Fair Mourner found
ine in Slumber ſtretch'd upon the Ground.
h Gentle Voice, Awake! Awake! She cries,
could ſuch happy Slumbers ſeal my Eyes!
ld I, like Thee, ſecure from anxious Thought,
by the Pleaſure, and forget the Fault!
all the Eaſe my Rigid Fates allow,
ek in Thee, the Cauſe of all my Woe.
The Swain ſurpriz'd to ſee the Nymph ſo near,

With ſoothing Tales of Love, the Artful Boy
Excites the Virgin to repeat the Joy:
The Fair reclining on his guilty Breaſt,
In Words like theſe her growing Griefs expreſt.
Fond Youth! Alas in vain thou ſtriv'ſt to eaſe
My troubled Mind, and lull my Soul to Peace,
Whilſt hapleſs, I am ſcoff'd by ev'ry *Prude*,
Whoſe Vertue makes her Inſolent, and Rude,
Cruel! Unkind — No more her Breath ſupply'd,
And flagging Nature for a Moment dy'd,
The frighted Youth with tender Care convey'd
Within the fragrant Bow'r the fainting Maid.
There each reſtoring Scent apply'd with Care,
And wak'd to Life the ſad repining Fair.
Then lowly Proſtrate He to *Venus* falls,
And thus the Aid of Beauty's Goddeſs calls.

Oh Potent QUEEN, who Rul'ſt Love's awful Throne,
And ſhar'ſt thy Kingdom with thy mighty Son!
Oh think what Shame thy conſcious Guilt confeſt,
Oh think what Indignation fir'd thy Breaſt,
When limping VULCAN in his Net enclos'd
The God of War, and Thee, and to all Heav'n expos'd
From thence ſome Pity to a Virgin ſend,
And with thy gentle Aid a Nymph befriend.
If e'er true Lovers thy Protection claim,
Let not one Slip for ever blaſt her Fame;

w dear alas! are Worldly Pleasures bought,
uch a Price must pay so sweet a Fault?
w can weak Woman's strength sufficient prove
stem the Torrent of Ungovern'd Love?
ce Gods themselves his Pow'r Superior own,
l for a Mortal's Bed, resign their Heav'nly Throne!
ay then, Oh Queen! for thou alone canst tell
at Lucky Thought may Chloe's Shame conceal.
appy Time some New Device erect,
yielding Maids from Scandal's Breath protect
e pray'd. But Venus heard not half his Pray'r,
had she heard, she could not ease his Care;
Immortal in the self-same Snare was caught,
, though a Goddess, err'd; If Love's a Fault.
nis now does all her Thoughts employ,
Heav'n without Adonis yields no Joy.
hyrsis dejected to his Bow'r returns,
Pray'r unheard, with pensive Chloe mourns.
Nymph enrag'd to think the Suit deny'd,
lv'd to use all means, that could be try'd,
h Female, (not Inferior,) Pow'r to show
r, at a Pinch, a Woman's Wit can do:
t home she goes, and *Betty* calls in haste,
Virtuous *Betty*, as her Mistress chast!)
fetch the several Necessary Tools
in'd by Custom, or prescrib'd by Rules.
yet the Handmaid had her Cargo brought,
Work was Perfect in her Fancy wrought,
pleasing Hopes she fed her ravish'd Mind,
thought she view'd what was but yet design'd:

Officious *Betty* now to Sight appears,
And groans beneath the heavy Weight she bears,
The ample Table now before her spread,
Each Female Trinket was in Order laid.

Here, Rows of Pins, of various sort and size,
Stood fix'd on Paper stain'd with Crimson Dies;
The Scizzars here, and there, the Needles lay,
And Shades of diff'rent Silks confus'dly gay;
The Thimble here, with many a Story wrought
Of Nymphs by cunning to Compliance brought;
Calisto here, without her Quiver's seen,
Stretch'd at her Ease upon the flow'ry Green,
Whilst Lustful Jove assumes Diana's Shape,
And in a Petticoat conceals his *Rape*.
With Look Demure, He thus accosts the Maid,
With spacious Shew of Modesty betray'd,
What Woods, Oh Nymph! could thee so long detain
Thou best belov'd of all my Numerous Train.
To whom the Nymph:—Hail Goddess more rever'd
Than Jove himself!—Jove laught at what he heard
To see *Himself* before *Himself* prefer'd;
With more than Female Warmth the Nymph caress'd
And eager Kisses on her Lips impress'd:
The Nymph resisted all that Woman cou'd;
But what avails the Pow'r of Flesh and Blood,
Oppos'd against the Vigou of a God?

Here a white *Bull* the wily God appears,
And midst the Herd his curling Forehead rears;
Europa to a Man the *Brute* prefer'd,
And wish'd her self a Heifer in the Herd:

feed her much belov'd the Graſs ſhe pulls,
d all around the choiceſt Flow'rs ſhe culls;
hilſt he, with friſking Leaps, around her plays,
d tho' a Beaſt, a Heav'nly Form diſplays.
while at Diſtance ſtood the cautious Dame,
o' Fears were needleſs —— for her *Bull* was tame.
own bolder now, ſhe ſtrokes his ſnowy Sides,
d laſt, with Manly Grace the God beſtrides:
e God impatient, plunges in the Sea,
d bears the beauteous trembling Prize away.
he Stiffen'd Canvas, now the Nymph diſplays,
e ſtiffen'd Canvas, yet, the Touch obeys;
w Ribs of Whale, with artful Care ſhe bends,
d each in its adapted place extends:
e Whalebones ſpread the ſwelling Canvas wide,
d ſtretch'd their ſtubborn Lengths from Side to Side.
more was wanting but the Needle's Aid,
ich *Betty* to her skilful Hand convey'd;
at want ſupply'd, the Dame her Work purſu'd,
'd all ſhe form'd, and all ſhe fix'd review'd,
l now the Work was to Perfection brought,
d Uſe and Beauty center'd in the COAT.

The PETTICOAT:

An Heroi-Comical POEM.

BOOK II.

Omne tulit punctum qua miſcuit utile dulci. Hor.

THE ruddy Morn had now repell'd the Night,
And Darkneſs fled before the Dawn of Light;

The

The early *Lark* ascends with daring Wings,
And to the *Sun* her Morning Anthem sings;
The misty Dews from Fenny Marshes rise,
And waking Peasants rub their Half-shut Eyes;
When restless CHLOE threw her Curtains by,
To see if Day appear'd in *Eastern* Sky;
With Joy she saw, and pull'd the tinkling Bell,
This *Betty* heard, and knew the Signal well;
Yet wonder'd at the unexpected Chime,
Six tedious Hours before 'twas Breakfast-time;
She thought some Frenzy, sure, had seiz'd the Dame,
Then turn'd, her round, and thought it but a Dream.
Her heavy Eyes again in Slumbers clos'd,
And ev'ry drowsy Faculty compos'd;
When fresh Alarms th' astonish'd Ear confound,
And loud repeated Peals again resound;
Now, some short time in Yawning spent, she rose,
And in a Hurry huddled on her Cloaths;
Then, breathless, to her Lady's Room she flies,
And Entring, *Madam, did you Call?* she cries:
I scarce could trust my Senses, as they say,
To hear you stirring when 'twas hardly day;
Who'd think your Ladyship should rise so soon,
When 'twas but Yesterday you lay till Noon?
Bless me! 'twould frighten any Flesh alive,
It wants, at least, a Quarter now of Five!

Impatient CHLOE quits her *Needful* Rest,
Of ev'ry Earthly Good she thinks possest;
(Oh Sex for ever blind to future Fate,
Whom *Trivial* Griefs, *Depress*, and *Trivial* Joys *Elate*!

Eat

ger to meet the Grand Cabal again,
waits the waſting of the Time in pain,
entive to the beating Watch appears,
l ev'ry Minute, ev'ry Second, hears;
en now, the Warning told the Hour's approach,
y's diſpatch'd to *Robin* for the Coach.
ut how Croſs Fate does our Deſigns prevent,
ſome unlook'd for, Luckleſs Accident?
ſooner did ſhe at the Coach arrive,
l Orders gave to *Robin* where to drive,
found, (Oh fatal Chance!) yet found too late,
Petticoat too Wide, the Door too Strait:
rance, by Force, ſhe oft attempts to gain,
y's aſſiſtance too ſhe calls in vain,
ſtubborn Whalebone bears her back again.
'd at the Balk, on Foot ſhe trips her way,
Woman's Will admits of no Delay:
either Side, a faithful Slave attends,
l Safe from harms the Petticoat defends.
he Nymphs aſſembled, now in Council ſate,
fix ſome weighty Matters in Debate;
en Chloe, in this ſpacious Garb array'd,
longer now of prying Eyes afraid,)
anc'd with Solemn Pace and grac eful Mien,
lſt various Zephyrs ſwell the new *Machine*:
h Art, each Fold diſpoſes in its place,
ſmooths each Wrinkle with becoming Grace;
n thus began——————
Nymphs! who make it your peculiar Care,
n uſeful Precepts to inſtruct the Fair,

To

To uſe ſuch Artifice that *Woman* can,
Againſt the bold encroaching Creature *Man*;
Behold this Work, whoſe Praiſe I juſtly claim,
And make, Unrival'd, this Pretence to Fame;
In vain you bid the tow'ring Head aſcend,
By various Rows of ſtiff'ning Wire ſuſtain'd,
Unleſs, by this, you Guard the lighter Part,
Which, weak by Nature, needs the help of Art;
All Ages paſt are with Examples fraught,
And long Experience has this Leſſon taught;
The firmeſt Superſtructure muſt decay,
When e'er the ſolid Baſis ſinks away;
A May-Pole will not like a Church endure,
And Ships without their Ballaſt never Sail ſecure.

This Doctrine ev'ry prudent Nymph allow'd,
And joint Applauſes eccho'd from the Crowd:
As when, the Glory of the Tragick Scene,
The Manly Booth, in Majeſty ſerene,
Actracts the pleas'd Spectators raviſh'd Ears,
And ſeems to be the Cato he appears;
At ev'ry Pauſe, reſounding ſhouts prevail,
And often ſtop, and interrupt his Tale.

Again, th' Exalted Dame her Speech renews,
Reſumes the Word, and Learnedly purſues;
Let *Dido*'s Stratagem be hence forgot,
And to her Memory no Praiſe allot,
For were the Fair to purchaſe *Carthage* now,
The Bull's-Hide Trick they'd wholly diſallow,
And make their Bargain, but for ſo much Grou
As this *Capacious Hoop* might compaſs round.

Fardingal, for baſer Ends deſign'd,
hide the growing Shame of Nymphs too kind,
l now ('tis hop'd) its vain Pretenſions quit,
d to a Work like this, Compleat, ſubmit.
he ceas'd: Fair CHLORIS next diſcharg'd her Fan,
d in perſuaſive Accents thus began;
n are of late ſo proud and ſaucy grown,
ey dare for ev'ry Nymph a Paſſion own,
d from a Civil Anſwer, brag of Favours ſhown.
uld now, by Chance, (for Fleſh we know is frail,)
ne Fav'rite Fop above the reſt prevail;
mit the very worſt that Men can boaſt,
need but keep our Counſel at the moſt,
is *New Machine* a ſure Defence ſhall prove,
d guard the Sex againſt the Harms of Love.
the fierce *Porcupine*, whom Nature Arms,
road ſecurely Preys, nor dreads Alarms,
whenſoe'er th' approaching Foe ſhe ſpies,
meet the Foe the briſtled Monſter flies;
ick from her Back ſhe calls a Wood of Quills,
hich darting forth, whoe'er ſhe hits, ſhe kills:
might the Fair, thus arm'd, remain ſecure,
d brave the Dangers which they ſhun'd before,
ſe in their Ramparts all Aſſaults deſie,
nd dare the Efforts of the Enemy,
She ſaid, and ſate: and *Herculea* roſe,
er the whole Sex had for their Champion choſe;)
ature at firſt her Soul for Man deſign'd,
t by Miſtake to Woman's Mold confin'd:
er Mien was Maſculine, and Manly Grace,
d more than Female Boldneſs flush'd her Face.

Applau-

Applauding Murmurs round the Circle ran,
When with diſdainful Smiles ſhe thus began:
The Uſe of Art, ſhould Nature chance to fail,
I own is Good, and may like that prevail;
But ſurely none to uſe baſe Arts will yield,
Till by decay of Nature's Force compell'd;
By Art we're taught the *Flutt'ring* FAN to hold,
Whilſt Love in Ambuſh lies in ev'ry Fold;
Already we have ſhewn *the Shoulders bare*,
And panting Breaſts expos'd to open Air;
And ſhall we now let ev'ry Coxcomb ſee,
At ev'ry blaſt of Wind, the *Naked Knee*?
Oh Nymphs, for ſhame, ſuch trifling Arts decline!
Each Fop will find the Cauſe of this Deſign,
And, fraught with Impudence, the Guard bear dow
Then with Diſdain refuſe the Conquer'd Town.
Truſt your own Charms, let Nature give Surprize;
The *Porcupine* leſs ſtore of Darts ſupplies,
Than *Cupid* ſhafts from ev'ry Female's Eyes.
In muſty Records we have Stories told,
Of *Troy*'s Defeat by Stratagem, of Old,
Yet ſure Defect of Courage does it ſhow,
To take Advantage of a weaker Foe:
What Hero to ſuch Tricks would have recourſe?
Troy ſhould have ſtood, if not redu'cd by Force.
She ſpoke ——— the dire Contagion quickly ſprea
And *ſome* were heard to ſecond what ſhe ſaid;
Of theſe, whoſe Satire was from Envy ſtirr'd,
The Muſe declines the Venom to record.
When each malicious Nymph her Faults had foun
The Learn'd AURELIA laſt ſurvey'd it round;

ELIA, vers'd in ev'ry Female Art,
h piercing Eyes examin'd ev'ry part;
h Curious Fold laid open to the view,
h curious Fold presented something New;
paus'd, and thought her Admiration rais'd,
iew'd it all, and all she view'd, she prais'd;
gave her Praise without the justest Cause;
scatter'd Censure midst of her Applause.
rose the *Prude*, and with a Look serene,
lay'd to all the Circle the Machine;
w here, (she cry'd,) what CHLOE's Art has done,
s Work may sure for former Faults attone;
tedious Absence pleads a just Excuse,
ose private Labours turn to publick Use.
his the Master-strokes of Art behold,
at the Invention, as the Work is bold!
uld now Good natur'd Nymphs, (which *Heav'n* fore-
[fend!)
Grant too early Favours condescend;
here, the happy means propos'd to shun,
Fatal Danger, when the Fault is done.
CHLOE's Self, — but let none hence infer,
t Virtue so severe as her's could err!
she, in Need, devis'd this rare Machine,
ouch'd, as now, her Chastity had been:
no Coy Nymphs of Remedy despair,
rivance is the Province of the Fair.
e from Censure, let each dauntless Maid,
to the Field, and find a ready Aid;
o vain Fears of future Ills detain,
Lovesick Virgin from the Longing Swain,

Scan-

Scandal no more ſhall blaſt the Damſel's Name,
Safe in this Covert, ſhall remain her Fame,
And *Yield* or *Not*, for ever be the ſame.
Unharm'd by Love, each Nymph ſhall now app
Nor Shame henceforth reſtrain the willing Fair,
Sure, firſt, ſome Grateful Youth, to eaſe the D
That kindly Yielded to reward his Flame,
In happy Hour, this Lucky Hint ſupply'd:
Or Bridegroom, pitying his too baſhful Bride,
Devis'd this Whim, the Fair One to allure,
That, ſooth'd with hopes of ſuch a ſeeming Cure,
Fearleſs, ſhe might the dang'rous Bliſs endure:

So valiant AJAX, with large Promiſe fed,
The Youthful TEUCER, and to Battle led:
But when the Thunder of the War grew loud,
Himſelf, protected from the Hoſtile Crowd,
His ample Target to the Warrior lent,
In time of Need, his Danger to prevent:
The youthful TEUCER this *Aſylum* choſe,
And dar'd, Secure, the thickeſt of his Foes;
AURELIA Spoke — the reſt her Words rever'd,
And all around their mingled Shouts were heard.

Where Praiſe ſo juſt is due, the Grateful Muſe,
Diſdains her humble Tribute to refuſe;
Hail *Spacious Canopy*, ſpread Heav'nly wide!
What Wonders doſt thou *Show*, what Wonders H
Could I but half thy num'rous Beauties tell,
For ever on the Lovely Theme I'd dwell.
The *Canvas* here to nobler Uſe apply'd,
Shall ſpread its ample Breadth with envy'd Pride

from the *Pencil*, firſt, it gain'd a Name,
Fair have rais'd it to ſuperior Fame.

is Praiſe, Illuſtrious Nymph! be juſtly thine,
Work alone, proclaims thy Pow'r Divine,
s no more ſhall o'er the Sex preſide,
ll adore, who all Defects can hide.
ach theſe Am'rous Faults, be her's alone,
Woman-kind the Deity ſhall own,
did the Means to cover them make known.
Matchleſs Fame for ever ſhall ſurvive,
didſt ſo quickly ſuch a Work contrive,
thus the World to Being at a Call,
JOVE's *Almighty* FIAT *form'd the Ball.*

e Senate now adjourn'd, the Dames decree,
Matchleſs CHLOE ſhall their Leader be;
Matchleſs CHLOE now accepts the place,
es the foremoſt, with Majeſtick Grace;
cious PETTICOAT, in bright Array,
the tall Ship, does all its Pride diſplay,
ls with full Gales, and ſweeps along the way.

FINIS

FINIS